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'don't be so crass wid the poor colleen. It's me that is here, hart-broken and fritted, as I am." "Oh!" sez the chap above to himself, "by the powers ov delph, I'm done. Oh! I beg yer honors pardin. Shure you ofte hard that a gosterin wo man would provoke a saint—now you see it." "In troath I do," sez the king (not wishin to lay a hard word on any creather), "an' a scouldin wo man made me kill my son." "De ye tell me so?" sez the imposther. "How kem that?" "Oh! that unfortunate roomp ov beef that you et was the cause of it all." "Oh! the ould throllop!—the ould shoolin campainer!—never heed it; I'll be down on her taw!" "Oh!" sez the king, "I forgive her, in hopes that I may have any chance myself; an' I cum over to you, fresh an' fastin, to ax your forgiveness; may I expect it?" looken up very sarrafool at the hole. "Let me see" sez the imposther; "sit down till I consider." So down the king sat agen, wid his head on his knees, till his hair was amost swing'd. "Have ye the hide to the good that kem off the heifer?" sez the imposther. "I have," sez the king. "Well," sez the imposther, "take an' rowl it round yer body—let the pate an' horns hang over yer forred; thin take the wattle that thruve her out ov the field in yer hand, an' go on a pilgrimidge to sum other saint; fur, as I was party consarn'd in the heifer, I have no power to forgive ye." "Oh!" sez the king, "you are a great saint entirely; may be, iv I brought over my son's body, you could cure him," "Throath, I can," sez the imposther, "easy do that, for the dhoul a hoort on him." "Not dead?" says the king. "Throath h'es not," says the chap above; "fur whin the fellows wor weltin him so unmarckool, the ould woman wint to save him ather all, an' both her an' the prence was thrown over the bannisters, an' the ould woman kem undhermust, an' was kilt; but every body was in sich glee that they thought he was kilt; but he was afraid to show himself to you, you war so crass." The imposther, sur, hard all this from the king's sarvint, while she was collogein wid his sarvint, Molly. Well, iv there was ten pipers in the place, playin up "Tatherin Jack Welsh," an' rowlin an' crannin every note, they couldn't make the king tip heel an' toe lighter than he did, when he hard this. "O thin," sez he, "I shall go the pilgrimidge for all that, for joy that my son's alive." Well, away he run givin the saint, as he tuck him to be, a thousand blessins. Shure enough, the first he met, whin he got out, was his son, an' glad enough he was to find the life in him.

Well, the next mornin' the King got ready to set out on the pilgrimidge, but jist as he was goin' off, who shud come up, but the rale saint himself. "God save yer reverence," sez the king. "God save ye kindly," sez the saint. "I'm glad I met ye," sez the king; "I intinded to have gone to the cave, to return ye thanks, and ask ov ye to take off the pinnince till I'd get home." "What pinnince?" sez the saint. "Shure I laid no pinnince on ye." "O son ov my mother!" sez the king, "de ye hear this? Shure yon don't forget the roomp ov beef?" "Oh ho!" sez the saint, "some imposther has been playin' tricks on ye. Go back immediately, an' beat him out ov the cave." Well, whin the king hard this, he grew as mad as a march hare. He thin dhrew up his sogers in a hollow square, an' made a great speech to them. "Right about wheel!" sez he, "at the ind of the speech; so back he marcht at the head ov all his forces, foot an' cavalthry, miners an' sappars, wid spades and shovels, to undhermine the cave. He calt out to the ould imposther the articles ov war; but no answer kem. They then lit bundles of sthraw, to burn him out; but as there was no wood in the cave, it wouldn't take fire; so they got shkaling ladders, and got in at the top; but dhoul a mothersoul they could see, but an ould ram that was hangin by the legs up in a corner; so they kem down agin, whin who shud come runnin' into the crowd ov sogers, but Molly. "Did ye get him?" sez she to the king. "The never an inch," sez the king. "Well, did ye see ere a ram's hide?" sez she. "I did," sez the king. "Well," sez she, "go in agin, and ye'll find him hid in that." So in wint the sogers again, an' dhragg'd him out shkin and all; so they rowled him up in the heifer's hide, and beat him wid the wattle till every bone in his body was broke. So that was the ind ov the imposther.

T. E.

## GLEANINGS OF NATURAL HISTORY IN IRELAND.

No. III.



We present our readers with a portrait of a singularly large bird, a variety of the Swift, which was caught in the neighbourhood of Rathfarnham in the month of February, 1832. From its great sweep of wing, as well as the circumstance of its appearing at a time of the year when swallows are rarely, if ever, to be seen, it was at first supposed to be a hawk by a boy who perceived it flying about. He pursued it to an outhouse, into which it had flown, but was too late to rescue it unhurt from the murderous talons of a cat that had seized it, as it died soon afterwards. Its colour is exactly that of the common Swift; and the spot on the throat of the same dirty white, but rather larger, and much more distinctly and better marked. Its mouth is considerably larger than even that of the night-jar, or goat-sucker, of the same tribe; it extends far back, quite beneath the eye. The quill feathers of the wings, as well as those of the tail, are very pointed. The tail, which consists of ten feathers, is remarkably different from that of the common swift, the feathers being all nearly of an equal length. This bird measured ten inches from the point of its bill to its tail, and twenty-one inches from tip to tip of its wings. It is preserved in the fine collection of Irish birds of T. W. Warren, Esq. O'G.

### STANZAS—FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

In youth's most genial, joyous hour,  
I ne'er was wholly gay,  
For still a thought of spectral power  
Upon my spirit lay;  
Fiend-like, on loveliest things it breathed,  
And bade their beauty flee—  
I saw them prematurely wreathed  
In frail mortality!

If e'er with love my bosom swelled,  
Too buoyantly for earth,  
That shade sepulchral came and quelled  
The pulses maddening mirth:—  
If friends sat round, with smiles endeared,  
More dear than words can say—  
That withering phantom rose and seared  
Their beauty with decay.

Still rose the same prophetic shade,  
Health, hope, and joy to mar—  
And bid the sweetest prospect fade,  
In darkness seen afar:  
And thus life's greenest leaves of prime,  
While spring yet smiled around—  
Grew lifeless, as in that sad time  
When Autumn strews the ground.

Thus fairest things began to seem  
But born to smile and die;  
And mirth was looked on as a dream,  
And mingled with a sigh.  
Love's—friendship's—pleasure's fairest flowers,  
Seemed withering as they grew;  
Alas, dark dreams of brighter hours—  
That time should prove ye true! J. U.U.

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